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POETRY.

THE FIRE STEED.

BY C. C. VAN RANDE.

Hail! Hail! Hail! for the Fire Steed,
With his hoofs of the iron bright,
A clanging bell—a shriek and a yell,
And an eye of the lurid light.
A shriek and a yell and a clanging bell,
As he dashes along the way,
Thro' all the night with a name of light,
And a cool black steed at day.

Hail! to the sound of his thundering hoofs,
And the roll of his breathing roar,
Like a stormy sea, the King of the Dead,
As never a horse before.

Over the bank with a spur in his flank,
And a train of the Demon Gnomes,
And down the abyss, with a crash and a whirl,
And a burden of human souls.

Hail! Hail! Hail! for the Fire Steed,
A plunge—a dashing leap,
He springs the track, the curb is slack,
The mountain side is steep.

But what cares he in his revelry—
Hush! Hush! Oh! God! they're hurled,
With a half-said prayer on the midnight air,
Over the rocks with groans and shrieks,
Into the river death-drowning river,
Trampled and dead, the spirits have fled,
Hence—to another world.

The moon is up—the stars are out!
The night is clear and chill—
Where the breath of the swamp is cold and damp,
And the wailing Whirlpool whirled,
By the river's side, where the gurgling tide,
Is rippling, rippling still,
Is singing a song the night live-long,
With a moan and plaintive thrill.

Under the oak the dismal groan,
Of the spotted marsh crowd—
And the speckled owl looks under his cowl,
And the little bat pecks the ground,
And flutters and flaps around,
Upon the black billow bright,
And over the bridge from ledge to ledge,
Across the eddying tide.

The moonlight sleeps and the river creeps,
As a serpent, premeditated glide,
He glides—Hail! Hail! from the dim afar,
The Fire Steed comes a yell of Death,
And a blazing lurid crown.

Under the hill the whistle shrill,
And the clang—clang—clanging bell,
Across the swamp with an iron tramp,
A rush and a roar and a yell.

He carries a burden of many hues,
And a burden of many fears,
The boy who wears a Father's prayer's,
And a mother's blessing tears,
And is going on in the wide, wide world,
To garner the harvest of years.

The mother with her fair haired babe,
Asleep upon her breast,
Breathing a prayer that one so fair,
Should always be at ease,
The steepest and the steepest of steel,
And arm of giant might.

Who bears the strife of battling life,
For God and for the Right.

The aged man with trembling hand
And locks of curling gray,
All silvered white with dawn's light,
Of heaven's eternal day,
And the school-boy going home at last,
For Spring-Tide Holiday.

The Maiden with her eyes of blue
As are the heaven's above—
O'ershadowed with the clouds that pass
Before the light of love.

The flush of morning on her cheek,
Its fragrance in her parted lips,
Where ne'er a thought of guile
Has breathed itself in winged words
To blight and to despoil.

God bless them! keep them! keep them well!
Hark! with a thundering roar—
The Fire Steed takes little heed
Of the evening gull before.
The bridge is down! Oh! heaven's! they're gone!
The tide is dark and deep—
A shuddering pause, with giant force
They leap the horrid sleep.

A crash! a yell! a shriek! a groan!—
The steaming Foul's thundering roar,
The hearts that beat with joy-thoughts fleet,
New beat and hope no more.

A pile of ruins dark and dead
Are clanking up the tide,
A gurgling down ensanguined with
The blood of those who died.

Whirlt up above the pale stars—
And moonbeams gleefully glow,
The spirits stand—in Spirit Land,
For lasting rest or woe.

Then hail! hail! for the Fire Steed!
With his hoofs of the iron bright,
A clanging bell—a shriek and a yell,
And an eye of the lurid light.

FORGOTTEN.

SULPHUR FOR LICE ON CALVES, &c.

The September number of the *Stock Register*, quoting from the *Genesee Farmer*, recommended sulphur fed to animals as death to all such vermin. A farmer has tried it on some calves, so covered with lice that the outer ends of their hairs were thick with them. Tobacco and other remedies, had but little effect. He fed in salt and meal, giving a spoonful to each calf about twice a week. In two weeks not a louse could be found. A neighbor who has often used the same remedy, on all kinds of animals with perfect success, says it should be given in fair weather, or the animals housed, else there is a liability of taking cold and injury being done to the animals.

UPLAND CRANBERRIES.—At length we have ocular proof of the fact, that cranberries in the greatest perfection, can be raised on upland, shady and gravelly soil. A Mr. Joseph Orcutt has on exhibition, a root of cranberry-vine, placed in a which is made to contain a quantity of soil from which it had been removed, and thickly hanging with ripe fruit.—He made the experiment three years ago last May, planting forty bunches in a row two feet apart, without previous culture, merely by removing the sod, and planting the cranberries with no more trouble and attention than he would have taken with a cabbage plant.

Save carefully all the slops from the wash room, &c., and apply them to the suffering trees and grape vines.

Do not allow the worms to build their nests in the leaves and under the trees; if

SELECTED TALES.

How the Major went Trout Fishing and the Sport he Had.

"I was North," said the Major. "Ah!" said I.

"Yes," said the Major, "among the Yankees, but I didn't stay there long. I committed an aggravated assault and battery on an elder in the church, and left rather suddenly for fear of consequences. It's a long story," said the Major, "and may not prove interesting to you, who are a Yankee." "Let's have it," said I.

It was in forty-seven, in the month of June, that I had a little business to transact in Boston, and after getting through with it, a friend there advised me to take a little trip into the country before my return home.

"It is delightful just now," he said; "the birds are singing every where, and the trees and fields have on their brightest summer liveries of green, and the brooks are clear as silver, not like your muddy rivers down South; and then—it's a little late, to be sure, but not quite past the season—if you have never caught the brook trout, you will not regret a day's sport, I assure you."

"I am something of a sportsman," said I; "I keep a pack of hounds, and many's the time I have been in at the death, and got the brush, but I never was much of a fisherman. I've caught eels, and cat-fish, and perch, and mullets, and crabs, and I've hauled seine for shad and herring, and I've caught trout, too, but not brook trout."

"Then you had better go, you'll enjoy it," said he.

"Where do you catch them at?" said I. "Oh, there are many good sections for trout," said he. "I should say Berkshire County was as good as any, perhaps the best. There you are right among the mountains, and you catch the spotted fellows in the mountain brooks. Take a good line and two dozen hooks on snells along with you; you can get a rod anywhere."

So I went. I passed through Worcester to Springfield, and then deviating from the direct route a little in order to enjoy the beauty of the Connecticut river valley, I was whirled on the cars through the most lovely scenery, a succession of green meadows, and beautiful villages, to Greenfield, where I took a coach west, up through the mountains.

At night we stopped at a country inn, and on inquiring of the landlord if there was a trout brook near, I was informed that there were a dozen or more in the neighborhood, but that 'most on 'em was fished clean out. The blasted boys, you see," said he, "goes and catches 'em 'fore they get of any bigness."

"It isn't probable that they are all caught," thought I. As I got into bed; "we'll see about that to-morrow."

In the morning a very tall young man, with a tattered straw hat, and an extremely sheepish look, whom the landlord addressed as 'Jed,' (short for Jedediah, as I afterwards ascertained), informed me that he'd heard tell as how I wanted to go a fishing, and so he'd bin digging some angle worms out in the garden; he added that he'd ketcht trout in them parts since he was knee high to a grasshopper, and knowed the holes where the old settlers lay if anybody did.

After breakfast, my guide got me what he called a 'first rate rod,' it was the tip of an ash sailing, with the bark peeled off, and was fancifully decorated with alternate rings of red and green paint.

"You don't use a fly, do you?" said he as we tramped along.

"No," said I, "I'm not much of a fisherman."

"There was some fellows up here a spell ago, said he, 'that fished with what they called *arter fish-all* flies, and they ketcht a slew. There was one on 'em ketcht two hundred in one night, true as I live. They had rods that took all to pieces, and they carried 'em round in bags, when they weren't using 'em. And they had brass 'reels, that they hitched on to their rods to wind up their lines on, and when they ketcht a big feller, instead of hauling him right out, they played him 'round and 'round a spell, till he was most dead, and then took him out gentle. I call 'em the reason why they couldn't pull 'em right out, was 'cause the man that made them rods had a kinder idee, at the time, that he was makin' whip stocks, and so you see, he didn't get 'em nigh stiff enough; a half a pound trout could bend one o' them joint rods a'most double. I tell ye what 'twas curious to see how them fellers worked it. They'd go up kinder slow to within 'praps twenty foot of the brook, and then they'd kinder lay off and swing the rod over, and bring that *arter-fish-all* fly right down on top of the water, and then they'd make the darned thing jerk along, till bum-by the water'd kinder surge up; the feller he give a little jerk, and there was a trout hooked; ef 'twas a big one, he'd play the critter a little afore he'd fetch him out. It seemed to come natural to them fellers to play a fish 'fore

couldn't be beat. You see 'twas down to the glen, and the trees hung so close down, there wasn't no chance to throw your line, you was obliged to go up close, and drop right down in. Well, this feller he come to one of the great deep basins, that's all along through there, and arter he'd tried above and below, and on both sides, and crept into all sorts of places, trying to throw his line, arter he'd climbed three pines, a maple, and a hemlock, to ontangle it, where he got it ketcht when he throwed, he had to give it up for a bad job, and getting on an old rotten log, that stuck out about twelve feet above the water, he dropped in his line. The minit it touched—kerplash! the grandfather of all the trout took that hook in his mouth and put. Well, the feller he gin him line, and let him run for a minit, and then he'd wind up a little and bring the critter to a sense of his situation, and all the time his limber jointed rod was a bending, and the old log he set on was a shaking. Pretty soon the old trout he give a savage pull, and the log broke off, right under where the feller sat. You should a seen that feller lift his rod, and wind up his multiplying reel as he went down; he was bound to have that trout, and he never give him an inch of slackline; but he didn't go down fur, for the tail of his coat ketcht in the stump, and held him a swinging round, in the air like a big pendulum, and he kept on playing that trout as cool as a cucumber, till bime-by the wind blowed him 'round, with his back to the basin, and his nose and eyes just in the water, where it fell over the rocks, and then he had to holler for help, but he kept on a pullin' at the trout, and then giving him line, the same as ever—Well, I got hold of his coat tails, and arter a little straining, I hauled him up and high dry, and when he got that trout out it weighed three pounds and a quarter."

By this time, we had come to where the road crossed a large clear brook, which ran below us through a meadow, and above, after leaving a pleasant looking wood, fell in a succession of little cascades, till it passed beneath the bridge we stood upon.

"Now," said my guide, "one of us had better go down stream, and the other up, and meet here again in an hour and a half, and then I'll take you to Kellogg's brook. That don't get fished much, he's so darned particular. Which'll you go?"

I concluded to go up the stream, towards that cool wood; and climbing the fence I made my way towards a deep looking hole, where I hoped some of the 'old settlers lay.' Before starting in the morning, I had bought a thinish sheet of lead, and I put on a piece for a sinker, then baiting my hook, and seating myself at some distance on the grass, I endeavored to throw my line according to my guide's description of the operation, but the brook was narrow, and my hand unskilled, and I couldn't manage it to right. I persevered in my attempt, however, till my line caught in the branches of an oak that grew behind me. I was up the tree in a minute, and at the imminent hazard of breaking my neck, I disengaged the hook, and got down with it—Then I took the lead off, but without it I could do nothing; the wind blew my line away from me, and I was obliged to lay my rod down on the grass and go to the end of it before I could get my line to put on the sinker again; so giving up all idea of throwing it I walked almost to the brink, and dropping my hook quietly in, seated myself. Instantly there was a powerful pull at my line. 'Now,' thinks I 'this is one of those big fellows; I must 'play' him a little; so seizing my rod firmly in both hands, I gave him a half dozen smart jerks, that I fancy rather astonished him, and then suddenly lowering the rod, I let him run a little, fetching him up with a pull. Thinks I that will tire him if anything will; but alas! just before I meant to land him, I gave such a savage jerk for a final one, that the hook came out of his mouth with a little piece of gill attached to it, and I saw the great fellow, for he was a big one, shooting off down the stream. 'Never mind,' says I, 'there's plenty more where you came from,' and I dropped in again.

It was a warm, lazy-feeling day, and the shadow of the oak tree fell just where I sat, making it very cool and pleasant, so you will not be surprised that after waiting half an hour without getting a bite, I fell asleep, and dreamed of a giant trout fisher, who hung suspended in mid air playing with a colossal trout.

Just at the instant that the appendages whereby he hung appeared about to give way, and precipitate him into the boiling gulf below, a hand on my shoulder-awoke me, and I heard a voice, saying, "Well, I s'own, you haint ketcht nothing, look there, now!" and my guide held up a string of some thirty odd fine trout.

"Wall now, said he, 'I thought you'd ketcht a slew by this time: tell ye what though, when we get to Kellogg's meadow, we'll teach 'em *how* to ketch trout. Better not let the Deacon ketch you, though, a trampin' down his mowin'; he thinks a heap of his tall grass, and ef he finds any of the boys in there a fishin', he usually likes

just as he was in the middle of a long prayer, he sees a feller in the next pew a drawin' a doger-type likeness of him, on the side of the pew. He was a hard drinker, the Deacon was, and the picter represented him and Satan suckin' cider out of the same barrel. "Just wait, young man," said the Deacon, pulling up short, 'till I finish this prayer, and I'll teach you to draw picters in meetin'." And he kept his word, he give him the darndest Maulin that ever I see."

At the conclusion of his narrative of the Deacon's prowess, we arrived at a large meadow, through which a brook, deeper and stiller than the other, flowed.

"Now," said my guide, "keep a bright look out for the Deacon, and if he comes I kinder call 'ate we'd better leave." I baited my hook and dropped it into a dark hole, while Jedediah went a few yards up the stream to another.

Instantly I got a bite, and without waiting to go through the ceremony of playing him, I landed a fine fellow.

Oh! he was a glorious fellow, with bright red and blue spots on his sides, a back most beautifully mottled with green, and a belly of the finest salmon color. He was a beauty! My eyes fastened on him, and in fancy—but my contemplations received a sudden and very disagreeable shock. 'Just look a here now,' said a gruff voice behind me, 'guess you're a trespassing, ain't ye? Walk out o' that tall grass, will ye?'

I looked up, and saw a broad and very rubeund visage surmounted by a straw hat scowling at me over the stone fence. 'I'm trout fishing,' said I. 'Don't care ef you're *shale* fishing,' said the face firmly; 'just get out of that tall grass.'

"But," I remonstrated, 'I'm a stranger here, and I came all the way from Boston to catch a few trout; surely, my good sir, you will not spoil my sport?'

"Taint no time for compliments," said the visage, 'and I don't care ef you come all the way from China and never see a trout afore, just walk out o' that tall grass.'

"I must say, sir," said I, 'that this is most ungentlemanly conduct; no stranger would be treated in this way in my part of the country.'

"Now just look here," said the Deacon, 'I ain't a man of many words, but ef you don't get out of that tall grass, I'll get over this wall!'

"Oh, you will, will you, said I getting mad; 'perhaps you had better try it then!'

At this challenge the Deacon climbed laboriously to the top of the wall, and shoved me a short, but very strong individual, clad in a coarse blue frock and overalls—When he gained the top he paused.

"I see you've ketcht one trout," said he, 'now that trout's my trout, and I'm going to hev it.'

"Take it, and be hanged to you!" said I, and I let him have it, as hard as I could throw, just between the eyes.

The Deacon gave a snort of defiance, and rolled off the wall, then gathering himself up he made a rush at me. I dodged and into the brook he went heels over head. The ducking seemed to have cooled him a little, but the sight of the grass that had been trampled in his fall and rush, re-awakened his ire, and doubling his great fists and lowering his head, he uttered a bellow, very much like a bull, and came on.

He was so blind with wrath, and so guileless of all knowledge of the 'noble art,' that it was mere child's play knocking him into the brook again; but like a young giant refreshed, he emerged from the stream, and before I knew what he was at, seized my rod, and dealt me a blow on the head that made me see stars, and I felt the cold water closing over me, before I knew where I was. I clambered up the bank, dodging a second blow the Deacon aimed at my head with the rod, and leaped the stream and closed with him. The Deacon was a very strong man, but I am not a child, and my activity made me more than a match for him. After a short, but severe combat, in which I got a black eye, and the Deacon swallowed his four front teeth, I got him under me, and then I began to lay in the big licks, till he cried for mercy.

On my arrival at the hotel, I found my guide quietly eating his dinner.

"Well," said he, "who licked?" "I did," said I.

"Ef you don't want a troublesome lawsuit," said he, "you'd better take the afternoon stage and travel. He's death on going to law, the Deacon is. I saw you hit him with that trout, and call 'ate that was sault and battery, and nothing shorter; and the Deacon, he's Justice of the Peace, ef he should bring the case up before himself now, you wouldn't stand no chance."

"I can't say from experience," added the Major, "much about your trout, but I can say, that you've got the tallest kind of Deacons up there, that I ever came across."

A Review of the

EARLY HISTORY OF THE ISLAND OF R. ISLAND.

AN ADDRESS

Delivered before the Newport Historical Society,

MARCH 18, 1853,

BY REV. S. ADLAM.

Mr. President, and Gentlemen of the Newport Historical Society:—

Two hundred and fifteen years ago to-day, nineteen men, the original settlers of this Island, signed the following declaration: "We whose names are underwritten here solemnly in the presence of Jehovah incorporate ourselves into a Bodie Politic, and as he shall help, will submit our persons, lives and estates unto our Lord Jesus Christ the King of kings and Lord of lords, and to all those perfect and most absolute laws of his, given us in his holy word of truth, to be guided and judged thereby."

On the same day they chose a Secretary, and one to preside over them, William Coddington Esq'r., as a Judge; and they covenanted to yield all due honor unto him according to the laws of God, and so far as in them laid to maintain the honor and privileges of his place, which hereafter should be ratified according unto God, the Lord helping them so to do.

Coddington, on his part, covenanted with the body to do justice and judgement impartially, according to the laws of God, and to maintain the fundamental rights and privileges of the body which should be hereafter ratified, according unto God, the Lord helping him so to do.

And thus was the Colony of Rhode Island regularly formed, and from this day does the History of Rhode Island properly begin. Of that history we shall review the first twenty-five years.

But fully to comprehend the history of this Island, we must not only notice the compact just alluded to, we must enquire also why it was formed, what were the steps that led them to choose this as a place of settlement, what was the character of the men who commenced this enterprise, how they carried out their design, and what influence their measures, laws, and institutions had in the formation of the State.

The men who first colonized this Island had all left their native land, that in the New World they might enjoy that civil and religious liberty which was denied them in their own country, but for which they were willing to exile themselves from all the endearments of home, and to endure the privations and dangers of a distant wilderness. But they were disappointed; they were persecuted in the place to which they had fled; and what made it doubly severe, these persecutions were inflicted by their fellow exiles, who scarcely had escaped out of the hands of persecutors, before they became persecutors themselves.

Never has Massachusetts, on any other occasion, witnessed such a scene of religious excitement, as during what is known as the Antinomian Controversy. A female, Mrs. Anne Hutchinson, an intelligent woman, of fervent visionary piety, was the ruling spirit in that commotion. By her earnest and eloquent addresses, chiefly to her own sex, in which she charged most of the ministers as being little better than mere legal preachers, she aroused to the highest pitch, the feelings of the admiring crowds who came to hear her, and at the same time brought down upon herself the anger of nearly every minister in the Colony. The contentions through the whole community were earnest and bitter; every town, every church, every family, entered into it. It absorbed every other subject; it was carried into every association; it was taken to the polls; children as well as men and women could talk about nothing else but who were legal preachers; sermons were heard, not for profit, but to be judged, and praised or condemned, as they were thought to be legal or not. Boston, with the greatest ardor, espoused Mrs. Hutchinson's side. There she lived, of that church she was a member; there she discoursed; there from other towns females came to hear her, who were animated with her views and feelings, and carried back accounts of her wonderful powers, and her deep and clear insight into religious truth.

The agitation became more intense by the means taken to overcome it. A synod of nearly all the ministers in New England was convened, where her errors were discussed and condemned. Instead of quenching the flames, this caused them to burn with greater fury. Her brother-in-law, a popular preacher of her views, was first, and then she herself, brought to trial. That trial is the darkest blot in the early history of the Bay State. It cannot be reviewed without the greatest indignation toward her persecutors, and the deepest compassion for her. A woman of undoubted piety, and, except her errors, irreproachable in her life, standing almost alone before the entire magistracy of the State, with the ministers as her accusers, cannot be contemplated without strong emotion. Hour after hour had she to answer questions and reply to charges, a part of the time without the privilege of a second trial, and after the most intense excitement, her mind gave way, and she was committed to the custody of the State.

Such were the prominent men that Clark associated with; and the others, though not in social position so distinguished—yet in moral character and in their unconquerable love of liberty, were his and their worthy companions.

To be continued.

Honesty in Buying and Selling.

Some are not honest in buying and selling. Their rule is, to buy at all times as cheap as they can, and sell as dear as they can. This is a wicked rule. We often trade with those who do not know the worth of the thing bought or sold. It is cheating them, to make the best bargain we can. Sometimes we trade with those who are in great want, and we fix our own prices, and make them much too high if we sell, or too low if we buy. There is a fair price for everything. Let that be paid or taken for everything. He who is not just and true, and takes his neighbor's words in buying and selling, and when

excluded from the church, and finally, banished from the Commonwealth.

Her friends, among whom were some of the best men of the country, must have felt deeply the injustice that she had suffered; but upon themselves, as well as upon her, must the blow fall. Some were disfranchised. All who by petition, or by pleading for her, manifested sympathy with her, holding public offices, were deposed; and to crown all, "fifty-eight men of Boston, five of Salem, three of Newbury, five of Roxbury, two of Ipswich, and two of Charlestown, were commanded, under a penalty of ten pounds for disobedience, to deliver, by a certain day, all their guns, pistols, swords, powder, shot or matches that they might possess."

These were the men, with only two exceptions, that formed and signed the compact I read at the commencement of this address.

Just while these scenes were transpiring, when the whole community, agitated like an earthquake with the most exasperated feelings, Dr. John Clarke, one of the wisest, purest, best men that the country has ever seen, arrived in Boston. He was an ardent friend of liberty; perhaps no man ever understood its principles better; no one ever did more to place them on a secure foundation, or to make them the common inheritance of our race. With the power of close and profound thinking, he was eminently a practical mind. He was accustomed to trace everything back to its ultimate principles, and to follow it out into all the details of actual life. He was a man of unusual energy and perseverance, and had the rare talent of distinguishing in the midst of the most perplexing scenes, what was the best course to be pursued.

With manners highly polished and dignified, he was gentle and unassuming. Though placed in the most responsible situations, and employed in the most difficult undertakings, not an instance is recorded in which he failed. "Though," says Bancroft, in Massachusetts he had powerful enemies, he has left a name without a spot." His public spirit knew no bounds; he appeared as though his only object was to live for the good of others; and he seems never to have thought that he did anything beyond the simple performance of his duty, or that by what he did he had any special claims upon the attention of his fellow men. With this, such was the transparent integrity and benevolence of his character, that in his intercourse with others, he instantly inspired them with confidence and respect.

It was while the agitation concerning Mrs. Hutchinson was at its height, about the time she was undergoing her trial, that he landed in Boston. That community to him was like the ocean lashed into fury by opposing winds; wave dashing furiously against wave. He was greatly surprised—He had come to enjoy that liberty upon which in his own country he had meditated so much, and for which he was willing to part with all that is dear on earth; but the first sight he beheld, when he stepped on the shores of the New World, was persecution in one of its worst forms. He instantly identified himself with the persecuted; he bound up his interests even till death with theirs; and they placed the most implicit confidence in his wisdom and integrity; a confidence never shaken in the most trying scenes through which in after years they had to pass.

Among the men who were persecuted, disfranchised, treated as suspicious and dangerous, were some of the most excellent individuals of the State. Such a one was Coggeshall, a man of sterling integrity, and though prudent, fearless and frank. In Boston, both in Church and State, he was a leading man, and often a representative of that town. Coddington, though not disfranchised, but sympathizing deeply with those that were, was a conspicuous man in the government of Massachusetts; was for some time its treasurer; was one of the wealthiest and most enterprising merchants in the State, and was distinguished for his love of order and his general good sense.

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LAWS OF R. ISLAND.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS.

In General Assembly, June Session, A. D. 1852.

AN ACT for the appointment of Printers to the State.

It is enacted by the General Assembly as follows:—

Section 1. Sayles, Miller & Simons are hereby appointed Printers to the State.

Sec. 2. Said Sayles, Miller & Simons shall be allowed and paid out of the General Treasury the sum of seventy five cents a page, for one hundred and sixty copies of the acts passed at each session of the General Assembly; and five hundred copies of the public laws, to be printed, biennially; for which they shall be allowed and paid out of the General Treasury a pro rata sum;—and fifteen cent a copy for all additional copies of the acts passed at each session, ordered by the Secretary of State.—Provided, the same shall be printed on paper equal to that used in, with the page and type of the size of the Schedule of January session, A. D. 1853.

Sec. 3. Said Sayles, Miller & Simons shall be allowed and paid out of the General Treasury the sum of thirty dollars per annum for publishing the laws in their newspaper.

Sec. 4. If the Printers appointed by this act shall not commence the printing of the laws or schedules within one week from the time they are furnished by the Secretary with the manuscript, and shall not proceed in printing the same, at the rate of thirty-two pages per week, the Secretary may in his discretion employ some other person to do the same: Provided it can be done upon the terms mentioned in this act. And no certificate or order shall be issued by the Secretary for the payment of printing done under this act, until the schedules and laws printed shall have been examined and compared with the original papers and ascertained to be correct; and the Secretary shall certify to their correctness.

Sec. 5. Such portions of all former acts in relation to the State Printing as are inconsistent with this act, are hereby repealed.

True copy—attest:

A. POTTER, Sec'y.

AN ACT to establish the boundary line between the towns of Richmond and South Kingstown.

Whereas, there has been for some time controversy relating to a portion of the boundary line between the towns of South Kingstown and Richmond, and committees appointed by said towns have caused said line to be run, and said towns have approved of their report—

It is enacted by the General Assembly as follows:—

Said boundary line is hereby established and confirmed as to that portion running southerly from the Belcher corner, so called, as follows, viz: commencing at said Belcher corner, at the place where said committees commenced their running, and at which place a monument is to be erected by said committees, thence a straight line to a marked stone in a wall in the road leading westerly from Uxquapping village, and where also a monument is to be erected by said committee, and thence a straight line to a marked rock in the wall of the river a little below Uxquapping bridge, and the same course to the centre of the river, and thence to follow said river as said line now runs.

A true copy—witness:

A. POTTER, Sec'y.

AN ACT in relation to the extinguishing of fires in the city of Providence.

It is enacted by the General Assembly, as follows:—

Section 1. The City Council of the city of Providence are hereby authorized to make and establish such ordinances, rules, and regulations in relation to the election and duties of Firewards, Firemen and Engineers of the Fire Department, the extinguishing of fires and the preservation of property exposed to

FOREIGN NEWS.

The steamship America, from Liverpool June 25th, arrived at Boston on Thursday. We find much intelligence of importance in our files.

The Paris correspondent of the London Times states that the Russian fleet in the Baltic being short of steamers, the Emperor had sent an agent who was in treaty for the purchase of the American steamers Humboldt and Franklin, for which vessels the sum of 4,750,000 francs, equal to \$950,000, had been offered, and it was thought the bargain would be concluded.

LATEST FROM HONG KONG.—We are in possession of full details of the news from China, by the Overland Mail at Trieste, some of the leading features of which, however, have heretofore been acknowledged, by electric telegraph. We have now the assurance that the insurgents having captured Nankin on the 21st of March, had subsequently been compelled by the Imperial troops to evacuate it, and in little more than a fortnight, viz. on the 6th of April had been defeated 60 miles southward of Nankin.

HONG KONG, April 28.—Our last of the 11th brought down news of the rebellion from Shanghai to the 28th inst. We have now dates to the 12th ult. Previous to the 8th inst., the success of the rebel force had been rapid; the most current information was that the city of Nankin had fallen into their hands, and that Chinkiang-foo had been taken without opposition. On the 8th instant, reports reached of the hostile intentions of the rebels against the foreign community in particular, and that intended advancing on Shanghai, which caused the greatest alarm and confusion; the inhabitants of the city were moving into the country, and the United States and the whole community commenced making preparations for the defence of the British settlement, and a volunteer corps was at once formed.

Later accounts from Loohoon had been received, stating that something had checked the rebels' approach, and matters were more quiet. The rebel force had evacuated Chinkiang-foo, and were retreating upon Nankin. This has been confirmed by advices received from Loohoon on the 11th, from an enterprising volunteer of the British diplomatic department, who had reached there in disguise and safety.

The Tartar General, Heang Yuen, with the Grand Imperial Army, was close to Nankin, which, it was generally believed, he had taken possession of. An engagement between the two forces was expected to take place about the 10th inst., and till the result be known all will be intense anxiety and suspense.

There were four steamers of war and Her Majesty's brig Lily off Shanghai, and a British force with guns had been landed, an application for a supply of arms has been made by the General here.

His Excellency Sir George Bonham returned from Ningpo in Her Majesty's steamer Hermes on the 2d instant, and dates from thence of the 16th instant report all was quiet there. At Foochow-foo, it is said, some difference existed between the Tartar and Chinese troops. Amoy was not particularly affected by the news of the rebellion. At Canton all remains quiet.

The coast is alarmingly troubled with pirates, and attacks have been made on English vessels. Her Majesty's steamer Rattler went on a cruise from Amoy, on the 10th after the pirates.

Trade at Canton has been going on in imports to a large amount, but at reduced prices. Little done in tea, only a small quantity remaining. At Shanghai business was suspended. The export of tea from China is estimated at 4,400,000 lb. in excess of last year to the same time. The export of silk from Shanghai is stated at 36,000 bales.

TURKEY.—Constantinople, June 16.—The ultimatum of Russia is rejected by the Porte. The policy of Russia is surmised to be to exhaust the resources of Turkey, by causing immense outlay for defence. The reply sent by the four ambassadors to Reshid Pasha, when consulted respecting the demands of Menschikoff, May 21st, representing Great Britain, France, Austria and Prussia was, in substance, as follows:—"We are of opinion that on a question which touches so nearly the liberty of action and sovereignty of his Majesty the Sultan, his Excellency Reshid Pasha, is the best judge of the course which ought to be adopted, and they do not consider themselves authorized to give any advice on the subject."

Advices state that the late events at Constantinople have produced a profound sensation throughout Arabia. The Pilgrims assembled at Mecca with all the native tribes, await but the signal to commence war against Russia.

In Switzerland, the Government of Friburg had called out the civic guard in fear of another insurrection.

FRANCE.—A remarkable statement is current that the Emperor intends to submit the question of peace or war with Russia to a vote of the people; on the other hand it was rumored, but not authenticated, that the French Government had a copy of the Russian manifesto ten days since, and in conjunction with England, had recommended the Porte to accede to its terms, in form of a note instead of a treaty. If this be so, the business is at once settled.

The Monitor contains a decree of several columns in length, relating to the affairs of the Bonaparte family. The Emperor assumes himself sole master of the family and his consent is necessary to make marriage or divorce of any Bonaparte. No Bonaparte must go further than seventy-five leagues from home without permission, and if so offending, the Emperor may punish them by arrest or exile. Mousigneur Garibaldi, the Pope's Nuncio was buried with great pomp—all the foreign Ministers assisted.

It has been recently settled by the Correctional Police in Paris that the penalty for wearing a *feur de lis* in the button-hole shall be one month's imprisonment. One Leda, a cabinet-maker, got so much for indulging in that horticultural vanity.

The Onion crop in this neighborhood, (says the Newburyport Union), to a great extent, will fail, this year, from the ravages of the maggots that generate in the roots. The destruction is so great, that some fields have been ploughed up, and planted with potatoes.

The Ocean Hose Company, of this city, accompanied by the Springfield Brass Band are intending to visit Providence and New York on the 14th and to remain there a day or two.—*Springfield Republican.*

FISHING SALMON.—It is understood the command of the fishing grounds situated between Cape Cod and Nantucket, is to be assigned to a Commodore Shute.

BY THE MAIL.

YANKIES IN CALIFORNIA.—The following is graphic, and interesting and true, from the San Francisco Whig:—

"Truly, 'Los Yankees' are a wonderful people. The native Californians say so, and it must be so. They come to California, they revolutionize the government; they organize and perfect a new one; they introduce steamships, steamboats, water works, coaches, telegraphs, theatres, ships, wharves, luxuries of all kinds; they tear up half the country for gold; they plant the rest of it in potatoes and grain; they print newspapers, (the saddest innovation of all); they build churches; they increase the native population; they turn every old established custom topsy-turvy, and 'go ahead' with a bewildering disregard to the sedate forms of Spanish etiquette in a manner melanchoy to contemplate. And now, after ruining the climate, they are actually talking of starting the iron horse on the track between San Jose and San Francisco, and some fine morning Don Antonio Guillermo Pedro Joaquin Amarrillo will start from his conjugal slumbers in some retired dell of the Canada, and harken to the scream of the locomotive awakening the forest echoes with its unearthly yell, speeding like a cannon shot down the vale and dragging a train of cars laden with the produce of the Santa Clara and San Jose valleys."

THE FISHERY QUESTION.—Washington, July 6.—The Union of this morning announces that negotiations with reference to the fishery troubles are proceeding, and that the President is using every effort in his power for a speedy and satisfactory adjustment of the difficulty, and a vindication of the rights of American fishermen.

The U. S. steamers Princeton and Fulton have been ordered to proceed to the fishing grounds for the protection of our vessels, and other ships of war will also be sent, should their services be required.

The Union adds that the Government is also in possession of intelligence which it considers not proper to make public at present; but no collision is anticipated during the pending negotiations.

ENVELOPED LETTERS.—When letters are enclosed in an envelope, the address should be inscribed on the letter as well as on the envelope; otherwise the loss of the envelope may cause grave mistakes and serious confusion—or may leave the letter for an anonymous claimant. We heard a deceased Chancellor say that he knew an important law case which came very near being lost to the party, ultimately successful, by the loss of an envelope, leaving it uncertain to whom the missive had been addressed. Recently, too, we learn from an exchange paper, that a stolen mail had been recovered, with all the envelopes torn off the letters, and the Postmaster knew not where to send many of them.

A GOOD RULE.—A man who is very rich now, was very poor when he was a boy. When asked how he had got his riches, he replied, "My father taught me never to play till my work was finished, and never to spend my money till I had earned it. If I had but an hour's work in a day, I must do that the very first thing, and in an hour. And then I could play with much more pleasure than if I had the thought of an unfinished task before my mind. I early formed the habit of doing every thing in time, and it soon became perfectly easy for me to do so. It is to this I owe my prosperity." Let every boy who reads this, go and do likewise.

CURIOUS NATURAL CHAIR.—Mr. Dwight R. Perry, residing in this city, recently dug up, on his estate, a curious natural chair of granite stone. It is perfectly formed, with a back slightly sloping, and terminating in a peak. The seat is perfectly smooth, and the solid block forming it supplies the place of legs. This remarkable production weighs about half a ton, and forms a complete chair. It is evidently natural, as it would be impossible to hew out such a massive block with anything like ordinary labor.—Mr. Perry has caused the chair to be placed in his grounds where it forms an appropriate and picturesque ornament.—*N. B. Mercury.*

SPIDER'S THREAD.—Austrian papers state that a merchant of Vienna has lately presented to the Industrial Union of that capital the details of a series of experiments made by him to manufacture spiders' thread into woven tissues. The thread is wound on a reel, and two dozen spiders produce in six minutes a beautiful and delicate thread, two thousand feet in length. The stuffs manufactured are spoken of as being far superior to those of silk in beauty and delicacy of fabric.

WASHINGTON July 5th.—The "Star" appears under its new auspices this evening. It says the steamers Princeton and Fulton, and ship of war Decatur, the two former now fitting out for sea at Norfolk, and the latter at Boston, were today ordered to proceed to Portsmouth, New Hampshire, Navy Yard, to await instructions to sail for the fishing grounds.

By telegraph to Boston papers of Tuesday, we learn that a destructive fire was raging at Oswego, N. Y. No less than two hundred houses and stores had been burnt and 300,000 bushels of grain destroyed. The entire loss is estimated at a million and a half of dollars.

TERKS ISLAND.—Capt. Larkin, of brig Typee, at Philadelphia, from Turks Island, about 21st ult., reports heavy rains at that island, which have destroyed about 150,000 to 200,000 bushels of salt, in consequence of which salt had advanced to 15 cents.

AT THE SALE OF THE collection of autographs belonging to the Italian family of Fuseli, and sold, on the 15th, in London, the signature of Washington, to a document accrediting the American Minister to the first French Republic, was sold for \$14.

THE YIELD OF GRAIN in southern California is enormous; in San Joaquin valley wheat will average from 50 to 60 bushels an acre; the late rains had brought out barley amazingly; at Los Angeles, figs, apricots and grapes, were abundant.

ALDERMAN ATWATER, a native of Vermont has been elected Mayor of Montreal since the riot, the former Mayor having resigned in consequence of the indignation created by his conduct during the riot.

SALAMANCA, July 2.—The Ocean Guard of Boyer & Brown, at Boynton's, in this State, was burnt on Wednesday night with its cargo.

THE NEW YORK papers of Tuesday's mail are taken up with long accounts of the celebration of the Fourth in that city, and, as usual, the reports from different parts of the city are full of accidents, some of which resulted from the careless use of fire-arms. No less than fifteen followers of the accidental or careless discharge of pistols.

THE COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER, in a leader on "The Lessons of Two days," remarks:—Yesterday we spent in the city, and suburbs, making observations. At three o'clock, in the lower portion of the city, and in some parts of Brooklyn, gangs of youth, of very boys, were prowling about the streets maddened with intoxication; so bent on outrage in consequence of their intoxication that it required some nerve to pass by them, while probably to have evinced fear would have been to provoke assault. We passed up Broadway before dusk, and everywhere were drunkenness, drunkenness, drunkenness. And that too in its most riotous features. In another column of this paper will be found the records of riot and disorder. The amount of inebriation, however, no types or words can depict. It was fearful.

ANOTHER CASE OF HYDROPHOBIA.—Suicide by DROWNING.—About the 4th day of May, two men were attacked by a rabid dog, on Elm street. One of them, Thomas Sherer, died of hydrophobia in the hospital about three weeks since, in great agony. The other person, named John Knapp, was bitten in the right cheek, soon after Sherer. His wound healed, and nothing more was thought of it until a few days since, when the disease began to develop itself, and Knapp gave signs of hydrophobia. At times he appeared irrational, fretful and complained of his cheek paining him.

A physician was called in and learning the facts, recommended the mother to take him to the hospital. Yesterday the mother took him to the hospital, and asked to have him admitted. The steward informed her that she must first obtain a written order from the overseer of the poor in her ward. She left to procure the permit, her son following after, much agitated. When near the corner of Broadway and Court street, he broke loose from his mother and plunged into the lock of the canal, and after much struggling, succeeded in drowning himself. This occurred about 10 o'clock this morning. She says that she has refused to drink any water for the last few days, and has manifested much dread of it.—*Cincinnati Gazette, Friday.*

"NOT DEAD YET."—A few days since, a man called at a Daguerreotype room in Northampton, and bargained to have a group of picture taken of his family of nine persons. The next day he appeared with his family, and, on the operator's "counting noses," and making out only eight of the family, and inquiring for the ninth, he was informed that one of the sons had been dead five years, but that the father thought that he could describe him so exactly, that there would be no trouble in adding him to the picture. Another funny case is told by the same "operator." A woman whose husband had been some months wished to have a copy "took" of a "pictur" of her late husband, which she had in her possession, and which, she said was good, except the eyes, and she wished to know if the "pictur" could be "took," or copied with the addition of a brother's eyes, which she said were exactly like her late husband's, and the brother could call and sit for the eyes if it could be done.

SPRINGFIELD REPUBLICAN.—On the morning of the fourth, as some young men were firing a cannon on the corner of South and Hospital streets, a most unfortunate accident occurred. The cannon, which was very improperly loaded, burst, scattering its fragments some distance, and wounding Thomas, son of Mr. James Salisbury, and William, son of Mr. Samuel W. Kibbert, who were standing as spectators. The first man was wounded in both of his legs, fracturing one of them severely, taking away a piece of bone four inches in length, and making deep flesh wounds in the other. Dr. Miller, senior, was called, under whose skillful treatment it is hoped amputation may be prevented. Young Kibbert was struck in the arm by the flying missile, and though at first believed to be seriously hurt, it is now known that no permanent injury will ensue from the accident.

PROV. JUNE 6th.—New York, July 7.—A letter from Canton dated April 19th says the depressed state of market noticed in our last continues. Our latest advices from Shanghai are to 29th ult., at which time there was no improvement in trade, and the rebels continued their career unchecked. Added to the above mentioned cause, is the fact of immense shipments of manufactured goods, being on the way, which under holders are anxious to realize. In tea, business is quite nominal from the smallness of the stock.—Freights are still firm, and will continue so until the arrival of ships now detained in Australia.

MR. MATTOON, of Summerville, Ohio, says that Daniel Webster was invited to deliver an oration at Hanover on the 4th of July, 1860, but was on the point of declining because he had no suitable clothes, when a trader of the village offered to trust him for a suit of his best broadcloth, and take his pay out of the proceeds of the sale of the address. The proposition was accepted, and the orator something in pocket besides.—The name of the shrewd and patriotic patron of genius is not preserved, though the oration still lives.

Two large and well built ships attached to the Japan Squadron, are now in the port of Baltimore, loading with coal. One is the Roebuck, of 800 tons, the other the Beverly, of 650 tons, nominal measurement. They will, however, take out about 2000 tons of coal, the former loading with 1300, and the latter 800; one-half anthracite, from the Baltimore Coal Company's mines, and the other half bituminous, from the mines of the Cumberland Coal and Iron Company.

TURKEY CROP.—A great breadth of grass has been cut. Earlier in the season the promise was of a very heavy crop, but the want of rain for the last month has seriously kept back the product. Still the crop in this region will be nearly an average one, and decidedly better than that of last year. In the southern portion of the State the drought has not been so severe. The weather for mowing and curing has been capital, and the quality of the hay is of the first order.—*Providence Jour.*

SALARATUS is said to be injurious to the human system, and that it destroys thousands of children and some adults every year. In New Brunswick, contiguous to Maine, the physicians are wont to say that half the children are killed by the use of salaratus. The evil is fast spreading throughout the Union. Families of moderate size already use from ten to twenty-five pounds of salaratus yearly.

NAVY.—Five steamers are at present under repair or alteration at Norfolk, viz., the Saranac, the Hancock, the Massachusetts, the Fulton, and the Alleghany. The Princeton is reported ready for sea, and awaiting the return of her officers. Difficulty is experienced at Norfolk in getting skilled mechanics.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?—The noted Chinese rebel chief, who is overrunning the Empire with his army of insurgents, and who threatens to overthrow the present dynasty, assumes a strange title; he styles himself *Great Tranquility?* These Celestials are a droll people.

THERE ARE TEN PERSONS ON farms adjoining each other, on the road from Palmer to Ware, Mass., whose united age amounts to 507 years, and who were born, according to their own statements, during the reign of Henry the First.

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IS THERE A REMEDY for these things, and what is it? So horrible has been the picture, and so painful the memory of it, that we are willing to suppose any measure that can stem this torrent of vice and misery. It has compelled us thoroughly to reconsider the objections and doubts we have entertained respecting the Maine law and every measure of the kind that has been presented to our Legislature and others, and our perplexity is increased.—Our conviction that the Maine law could not be enforced in this city is deeper than ever. It is not and cannot be enforced in Boston. It is there, daily, hourly, openly, habitually violated and disregarded. And if it is a dead letter in Boston, what would it be in New York? It is no use disguising this fact, as it relates to this city.—That would be to make the matter worse. Every rational person, we think, must in his own mind feel a conviction of this truth. It cannot be denied,—it is in fact admitted by the friends of that law,—that in Boston the enactment has no force at all; yet that city contains a far less heterogeneous population than the city of New York.

Two beautiful topsail schooners, Revenue Cutters, were launched from the Shipyard of Messrs. Thompson, Stanton & Co., on Thursday and the other yesterday afternoon. They are of one model and of equal dimensions—95 feet in length, 23 feet beam, and 9 feet hold, each to carry eight guns. They are round sterned and very sharp forward and aft—are of fine model and as splendid specimens of naval architecture as float upon the waters.—They were built by Messrs. Thompson, Stanton & Co., under the superintendence of Capt. Gay Moore, and Lieut. Wm. H. Gladding of the Revenue Service, who have been unremitting in their attention to every part of the work. They were coped and sparred upon the stocks, and are now taking in ballast, and will be towed to New York, to receive their sails, armament, &c. We understand that one of them is to be named "Jefferson Davis," the other "Wm. L. Marcy." They were built of the very best materials and finished in the neatest manner throughout.

THE DEAD ALIVE.—Mr. Thomas Gould, of Portsmouth, R. I., had a cat that had contracted a desire for fowl meat, and was in the habit, occasionally, of stealing out and helping herself to a fine fat chicken. Mr. G. finally resolved to put a stop to puss' depredations, and accordingly knocked her on the head with a hammer. This seemed to settle the business for puss, who, to all appearance, was as "dead as a herring." Mr. Gould then dug a hole some two feet deep, into which the remains of poor puss were put. But, behold! three days after, Miss Puss was seen walking into the house, much to the astonishment of Mrs. Gould and family. They could scarcely believe at first, that it was their cat, but on examining the garden, where she had been buried for three days, they found that she had actually "dug out," and was in a fair way to recover from her death and burial.—*Fall River News.*

ACCIDENT FROM BURNING FLUID. A domestic in the family of Mr. Clark, at East Cambridge, was seriously burnt on Monday afternoon by her clothes taking fire, from an improper use of burning fluid. In her haste to kindle a fire she threw a quantity of fluid from a can containing about a quart, into the stove; the contents of the can immediately ignited causing an explosion. The house was set on fire by the burning fluid, but was extinguished without doing serious damage. The girl was saved by plunging into a barrel of water which happened to be in the yard.

ACCIDENTS.—The mutilated body of a man was found yesterday morning on the railroad track near Stonington about daylight. It is supposed he was run over by the steamboat train. His remains were so disfigured that it was impossible to recognize them.

A man fell from one of the flats on the extra train to Worcester on the evening of the fourth, the wheel of the car passing over and crushing his arm. It will be amputated.—*Providence Journal 6th.*

CHARLES H. MARSH, of this city, has been appointed Secretary of State of the Territory of Washington. This is an excellent appointment for a capable and enterprising young man and is worthily bestowed. Mr. Marsh is a brother of Col. Mason, of the Engineers and a son of the late Major Milo Mason, one of the most gallant officers of the last war with Great Britain.—*Providence Journal.*

ANTUCO, a volcano in the Andes of southern Chili, (lat. 38° S.) was in active eruption from the beginning of November of last year until some time in January of the present. When visited at the latter epoch the lava had formed a solid wall across the outlet of Lake Laja, preventing escape of water. The lava had ceased flowing at the time.

AN INDUSTRIAL TRADSMAN having taken a new apprentice, awoke him at a very early hour on the first morning, by calling out that the family were sitting down to table. "Thank you, said the boy as he turned over in the bed, to adjust himself for a new nap, thank you; but I never eat anything during the night."

ARCHITECTURAL JOKE.—How rapidly they build houses now!—said Cornelius to an old acquaintance, as he pointed to a new two story house. "They commenced building only last week, and they are already settling in the higher rooms."

Newport Mercury.

SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 9, 1853.

WALKS ABOUT TOWN, No. 5.—Very great improvement is visible on Narragansett Avenue. Its wide spaces on either hand are fast being filled up by handsome estates. The house formerly owned and occupied by DELANCY KAYN, was purchased last winter by Mr. OGDEN, and moved this Spring across lots to Narragansett Avenue, where it makes a very good appearance, notwithstanding the flatness of the roof.

Nearly opposite, a cottage has gone up in quick time. It was built by Mr. GEO. H. WILSON, for CHARLES H. RUSSELL, Esq., of New York, and occupied but thirty-nine days from the time work was commenced to the finishing off.

The lot adjoining on the east has been recently purchased by Mr. HART, of Troy, who will shortly build upon it.

A large house, fronting on Webster street, is now in course of erection. It is for CHARLES H. RUSSELL, Esq., and the builder is Mr. S. WILBOUR.

Nearly all the fine buildings put up last year on South Tower street have been completed and are now occupied. The largest of these, Mr. WESTMORE'S, has been attended with very great expense. Internally the arrangements are very complete. The rooms are all on a large scale, the halls are open and well ventilated, and the finish surpasses anything in this section. The grounds are only laid out in part. The grapevines will be covered over with glass, to the extent of eight thousand panes 7 by 9, and the same quantity in the pavilion; the fish pond has a natural spring in it and will be stocked with the choicest varieties of fish, and the arrangements of the stable are very extensive. The most pleasing part of this estate is the porter's lodge.—The gateway, when we were last there, was not completed and we could not judge what would be the effect.

Mrs. RITCHIE'S house is now occupied, though something more will be done to the front and south side, in the way of a piazza, before it is finished. When the addition is made, the effect will be much better.

One of the finest houses on that range is owned by Mr. PARISH. It has all the characteristics of the Florentine school, and one cannot survey it without feeling that its occupants must enjoy a great degree of comfort. Strictly speaking, the house is too long for its other proportions, but there is a great gain in other respects which is more than a balance. We believe we have already stated that Mr. SETH C. BRADFORD was the builder of the last three houses, and that Mr. THOMAS COLEMAN contracted for the painting of the first and last.

Below, there are a number of houses in close proximity. One is owned by Mr. GEO. BANCROFT, another by Mr. WOLF, and a third by A. G. STOUT, Esq.; the last is excessively plain—too much so, even if one courted the severe.

At the extreme end of the street, on that side, stands Mrs. CLEVELAND'S house, of which we have before made mention. It is called *The Breakers*, and it well deserves the title, for it stands on the extreme edge of the shore, the surf breaking continually on the rocks that form its base. The view from the south piazza is not surpassed on this Island. The arrangement is good, the hall excepted, which is altogether too small. This defect could not be remedied without completely destroying the architect's plans. The library is a delightful retreat, and one could spend hours there of real enjoyment, with no noise to disturb his repose save the ever tumbling surf and the sighing of the winds. The house is carefully built and will bear examination. HOLT & HAMMETT, builders and ZENAS L. HAMMOND, painter.

To the west, the house commenced by Mr. WILLIAM SWEET has been purchased by Mr. ABRAHAM PECKHAM, who will extend it and go on with the work.

On the same side and next to it, stands a large house, built by Mr. THOMAS D. SPOONER, and recently sold to GEN. CANVALLER, who has taken possession. He has obtained an excellent house. It is well built and stands upon a remarkably dry spot. The rooms are large, easy of access, and the view from the chamber windows, particularly to the west, is most charming.

To the south and west and nearly down to the point, we observed a house going up, which is for Mr. MIXTER. We shall take another opportunity to speak of it.

We may here remark that land in the section we have just noticed, which was held at five hundred dollars an acre two years ago, cannot now be purchased at twelve hundred dollars an acre; and instead of being sold by the acre, it can only be purchased by the foot.

On Wednesday, a horse belonging to Mr. SIMON HAZARD, dashed against the window of Mr. JAMES HAMMOND'S store, breaking nearly every pane and destroying the frame. Nothing but an iron rail prevented the horse from entering the store bodily. We subsequently learned that the horse was attacked with the blind staggers, to which he is subject.—Fortunately no one was hurt, though a number of persons in the street were in great danger.

THE MILLS in this city were all closed Thursday, on account of the new law regulating the hours of labor, going into effect. During the morning the operatives were collected together in groups about the streets, and subsequently they held a mass meeting on the Willow lot. The meeting was addressed by a number, and a committee was appointed to confer with the Proprietors and Agents of the mills, and report at a meeting in the evening.

The attention of our readers is referred to the advertisement of the DuPonts, in another column. We have heard much of late of the late war, and we are glad to hear that the late war was not so disastrous as it was represented to be.

On Monday last we issued the first number of the *Newport Evening Mercury*, without previously announcing our intentions of publishing a "daily." We have long contemplated something of the kind and only hesitated to undertake the laborious task until we were sure it would prove successful. A week's experience has confirmed our opinion that an evening paper would be very acceptable, and the readers of the daily may for the future count on being regularly served with it.

We here insert the leading article of the first number, that those of the readers of the Weekly who have not seen it, may know what course we intend to pursue in its management:—

To-day we offer to our readers the first number of the *Newport Evening Mercury*. With such an event it is expected that the publishers will define their position and give an outline of their plans for the future, that the public may know what to expect at their hands. And in conformity with this custom we briefly state that, our efforts to maintain a sound, high toned and moral paper have been appreciated and our labors rewarded by a steadily increasing business. An evidence of this is seen in the enlarged size of the Mercury of last week. But the weekly has not supplied all the wants of the public, and there are growing calls for spaces for news and advertisements, that can only be met by a daily issue. Then, again, the Mercury, has studiously avoided the discussion of all political questions, and only in extreme cases have we allowed ourselves to touch upon the subject. The time has come when an investigation of matters of vital importance to the general welfare of the community is loudly demanded. And now, after listening to the solicitations of our friends for more than a year, and of those who have brought their business to our desk and pleaded to have their wishes gratified, we feel in duty bound to conform to an expression so general and so urgent. We therefore present the *Evening Mercury*, to our friends for their countenance and support, believing that it will be found acceptable by a large class of readers.

The *Evening Mercury* will be devoted to the discussion of the leading questions of the day. In its tone the paper will be highly conservative—a defender of the law, a champion of rights, an advocate of truth—and a desire to elevate and improve all who may become its readers will be the first consideration in preparing editorials, communications and selections for the Daily, which will be in no wise connected with the Weekly. And the better to insure success, the duties will be somewhat divided. The Daily will be a distinct paper, under the management of the present Editor of the Weekly, assisted by able political writers and reporters. And the Weekly will continue to be a family paper, independent on all subjects.

By issuing the paper in the afternoon we are enabled to give our readers all the news of the day, as it will not appear until after the arrival of the morning mails from Boston and Providence. And in this way we can also give the latest arrivals at the hotels, together, with whatever may have transpired in the course of the morning.—These are advantages not to be overlooked.

With ample facilities for getting off a "Daily" in fine style, and having organized and arranged all its various departments, our readers may expect to be served with the latest news up to the hour of going to press; and it only remains for us to ask each one into whose hands this sheet may fall—What are you prepared to do to sustain it?

On Friday of last week a terrific rain and hail storm visited New York, and though of short duration it was attended with the loss of five lives and the destruction of a large amount of property.

The scene of the greatest consternation was at the Crystal Palace, the glass sides of which offered no obstruction to hail stones that were as large as a hen's egg. At the time the storm commenced there were workmen to the number of one thousand engaged on or within the structure, and their united efforts could not save portions of it from destruction. Much of the glass was broken; a portion of the frame work in 43d street went down with a crash, and at one time the water on the gallery floor was two inches deep. Some of the goods were injured, but, fortunately, few of the choice articles were unpacked.

On 43d street there occurred an awful catastrophe. Two large buildings were (or as the Tribune expressed it, crushed) down by the force of the wind. That paper says:—

We reached the ruins among the first after the burst of the storm had subsided a little. The scene was such as we pray God we may never witness again. A small portion of the roof and upper part of the front of the building stood or rather partly hung over the side-walk. The chamber and lower floor of the front rooms lay flat together. The sides were standing. In the rear all were down. In this building, besides the workmen, there were numerous laborers who had taken shelter under its roof when the storm drove them hurriedly from their work. How many persons escaped death is truly wonderful. It can only be accounted for by supposing that they had a moment's warning and rushed into the street.—The first alarm was from the tearing off a portion of the tin roof, which was carried high over another building and fell in the street. A horse and car had been crushed being bound under it. It seems the frame of the other building came down with a deafening crash at the same time, confounding instead of warning those in danger. At any rate, before they could escape, they were buried in a mass of timber, and three of them instantly killed, and four or five dangerously wounded. Several would have perished but for timely assistance to extricate them. In this they were greatly aided by Joseph Steinmetz, boss carpenter of the Tower, who with his own men, rushed to the rescue, notwithstanding the pouring down torrents.

It is stated that it appears on investigation that there was no fault in the construction of the building, but that the accident was the result of the terrific fury of the whirlwind. Some of the materials were carried a great distance—a part of the roof, with tin covering, landed two hundred feet from the ruins. And a portion of a brick wall, sixteen inches thick, to the extent of thirty or forty feet, was thrown towards the west—the wind's quarter.

Another building in the same neighborhood was thrown down, killing a man passing at the time, and four brick houses on 55th street were thrown down. A number of buildings were also struck by lightning.

The blasting of rocks is now going on at Hurl Gate, and great progress is made at every tide. While passing the gate recently in the Empire State, we were so fortunate as to witness one of the explosions. The charge was sunk and placed in its proper position by means of a pole, and as soon as it was adjusted the boat withdrew. The spot was no sooner cleared when the spark was communicated to the powder by means of the battery in the boat, and immediately the water, all in a boil, rose up and fell on every side, a mass of foam.

The *New York Courier and Enquirer*, in speaking of the operations says, that as soon as the great body of water rises, a large number of fish spring one or two feet from the surface and fall back again; many of them literally torn to pieces.

SAUCTIONS SALE

HOUSE AND LOT AT AUCTION
On **SATURDAY** the 9th day of July next at 10 o'clock A. M. on the premises.
THE HOUSE AND LOT formerly owned and occupied by the late Capt. John Cahoon situated at the corner of Thames and Pope streets measuring about 68 feet on Thames and 97 feet on Pope Street.
Terms made known at time and place of sale.
MARGARET L. CAHOONE.
Newport, June 25, 1853.

Will be sold at Public Auction on **SATURDAY**, July 9th, at 11 o'clock A. M.
THE VALUABLE ESTATE Nos. 9 & 10 Thames Street, the property of the late Benj. Hall. The House is large, containing three tenements, and a store, and from the great demand for tenements, and the increasing value of real estate, is a good chance for investment of money.

conditions will be made known at time and place of sale.

SAM'L A. PARKER, auc'r.

Will be sold at Public Auction, on MONDAY the 1st day of August, at 11 o'clock, A. M.,

A LOT OF LAND with a two story dwelling house thereon, situated on the north side of Prospect Hill street, and known as the Viall Estate; conditions cash.

June 18. **R. P. LEE, Agent.**

CITY

BATHING HOUSE.

SALT & FRESH WATER—WARM & COLD.

No. 63 Thames Street,

Foot of Parade, next South Brick Market.

SAMUEL YOUNG, PROPRIETOR.

Fitted up and Furnished in Neat and Fashionable Style.

NEW FADIES, &c.

M^R. YOUNG would return his thanks to his many friends in a kind public, for the liberal support heretofore bestowed upon him, and would solicit a continuance of the same. The Bathing department, which he flatters himself will be conducted in a proper and satisfactory manner. Everything in connection with this branch is of the first order—the Salt Water is drawn pure from the Ocean, by means of pipes fitted for that purpose,—while the Fresh Water, sparkling and boils, pure and spontaneously, from its own rich and healthy source.

N. H. S. Y. is perfectly familiar with the Bathing Business, having previously conducted an establishment of this kind.

HAIR-DRESSING, carried out as usual in all its various branches.
Newport June 4.—1m.

UNION AGRICULTURAL WAREHOUSE & SEED STORE,
RALPH & Co., 23 Fulton St., N. Y.
OFFER FOR SALE a large and select assortment of Agricultural and Horticultural Implements, consisting of Plows, and Cutting Corn Shellers, Straw Cutters, Horse Power Thrashers and Seggers, Fanning Mills, Grain Cradles, Hay and Straw Rakes, Grain Mills, Sifters, Mill, Root Cutters, Sausage Cutters and Slicers, Ox Yokes and Bows, Rakes, Hoes, Cart and Manure Forks, Spades, Shovels, Cart

THE GARDEN AND FLOWERER—a large variety, **FERTILISERS**—Peruvia Guano, Super. Phosphate Lime, Bone Dust, Nitrate, Charned Dust, Plaster, &c.
MANUFACTURES—of **SAVILLY'S** Reeling and Mowing Machine; **DANIELS'** Hay Straw and Stalk Cutters. Agents for the sale of Wm. Hovey's Patent Straw Cutters. A descriptive catalogue will be sent on application by mail. March 26.—3m.

Ocean Cottage.

THE SUBSCRIBERS having fitted up an apartment in complete order this delightful summer retreat, are prepared to receive and entertain their numerous friends and the public—

NEW STRAW BONNETS.
NOW OPENING AT
A. SHEEMAN'S, 261 Thames Street.
(COMPENSATING) a greater variety of Styles than
ever before offered, all of which will be sold
at the lowest prices. April 10.

Blankets and Counterpanes.
ENGLISH and French Blankets and English
 and American Counterpanes of all sizes and
 qualities, for sale low by
P. LAWTON & BROTHERS,
 April 30. 74 Thames street

NOTICE.
THE SUBSCRIBER has made arrangements
 to furnish Plumbing in all its branches.
N. W. MARSH,
 April 25. 129 Thames Street

PLASTER HAIR.
800 BUSHELS superior quality Plaster
 Hair, put up in bags, each, from 5
 to 10 Bushels, of two qualities:—Catt's and Gos-

for sale on consignment
June 18.
BARKER & BOONE,
South Side Market Square.
CORN & WOOD.
2500 bushels white Corn,
40 Cords Southern Pine Wood
now landing from Schouner President and
sale by
Oct. 9. G. BOWEN & CO
MILLINERY.
A RICH ASSORTMENT OF
RIBBONS,
AND OTHER

MILLINERY GOODS.
OPENING THIS DAY AT
A. SHERMAN'S, 261 Thames street.

Stewart's Sugar House Syrup of the
quality for sale by
Jy 2. NEWTON BROTHER

Sealed Herring in Boxes, for sale by
Jy 2. NEWTON BROTHER

Starch and Soap from all the best man-
ufactures constantly on sale at the store of
Jy 2. NEWTON BROTHER

Block Island Codfish for sale by
NEWTON BROTHER

Tapioca, of very superior quality, for sale by the store of
NEWTON BROTHERS
jy 2.

Rice Flour, for sale by
NEWTON BROTHERS
jy 2.

Caraway Seeds, for sale by
NEWTON BROTHERS
jy 2.

Indigo and Fig Blue, for sale by
NEWTON BROTHERS
jy 2.

Shakers Pulverized Herbs, for sale by
NEWTON BROTHERS
jy 2.

Self Raising Flour, constantly on hand and for sale by
NEWTON BROTHERS
jy 2.

Rose Winter, for sale by
Jy 2. NEWTON BROTHERS

English Table Salt, in 2ars for sale
Jy 2. NEWTON BROTHERS

Boiled Meat, of the finest quality
by Jy 2. NEWTON BROTHERS

Cooper's Isinglass and Gelatine, in
at CARR'S, 171 Thames-st.

A Fresh lot of Macaroni and Vermace
for sale at 171 Thames-st.

A Fresh lot of Virgin Seed Tobacco, in
for sale at CARR'S
Jy 2. 171 Thames-st.

8. **A Fresh** Lot of Pine Apples, at
A 121. CARRON, 171 Thayer st.
11 country, White Pine, and Foreign.
12 at CARRON
13 171 Thayer st.

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